## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SAD EXPERIENCE

I've lost my faith in doctors, Because, oh! don't you know, My oldest dolly went insane Not very long ago.

I called the dollies' doctor And put her right to bed; He quite agreed with me at once. She'd surely lost her head!

"Don't grieve, my learest madam,"
He said so cheerily,
'I'm sure that I can cure her;

Just wait and you shall see." He called for cloth and liniment-("Twas glue, would you surmise?) and I took heart directly, He looked so very wise.

He fixed her head, poor darling, And gently laid her down, And drew the covers round her And hastened back to town.

I cared for her and 'mused her In ever-so-many ways, For of course she could not leave her bed

For nearly two whole days. And then, oh! how deceiving; She seemed to be quite well. But the trouble I discovered—

How can I bear to tell!

I found, first time I took her To put on her new gown, That while her face looked up the street, Her toes were pointing down.

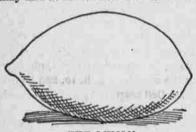
Bo I've lost my faith in doctors, And a dreadful lesson learned: For don't you see, she's crazy still, cause her head is turned!
—Julia D. Cowles, in Housekeeper.

## PIG AND THE LEMON.

A Cute Plaything That Any Boy or Girl Can Make.

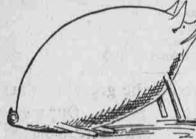
If some one of humorous mind were to ask why a pig is like a lemon, you would be apt to think that he was giving you one of the most foolish conundrums, with the answer that fits all of them: "Because he isn't." But a lemon is like a pig, and the boy and girl readers of the Commercial Tribune can find it out for themselves if they will take the trouble to follow the instructions here given.

First pick a lemon from the few you may find at home that looks like this:



THE LEMON.

If there isn't one at home, your grocer or country storekeeper will allow you to pick over the box, and then you'll be sure to find one that will look something like the rough cut given above. Now, right in the snout, where the dotted line shows, you must take a sharp penknife, and cut a little slit for piggy's mouth. To give him a little understanding, take a few matches and sharpen them and shape them to look like pigs' feet, and insert them at the proper places. If you wanted him seated like a contented pig, you must stick them on a slant, and Mr. Piggy look like this:



THE LEMON PIG COMPLETED.

Piggy is eyeless and tailless now, but we will soon fix him so that he can almost squeak. Get a couple of black pins from your mamma, and stick them in at or about the places where the eyes are. A little piece of soft wire, or even gray yarn, can be used to make his tail, only it must be rigid enough to stand a little curling when it has been put on with a pin. For his ears little pieces of wood or flannel can be used and put on with pins that do not show. Of course, you can follow the patterns here given, or you can suit your own fancy. You will not miss and winks and blinks as much as to say: matters very seriously even at the worst. Now the pig is lemon-colored, being a verbal necromancer. and there are not many pigs of that kind. To correct this, take a little ink, or even a charcoal crayon, and smear the little fellow in odd ways, and you will have a dirty piggy, with some yellow blotches, where the lemon skin shows through. Then he will look more natural, for piggies that are too clean don't look like piggies at all.

In the whittling and localities where the legs ought to be you may have to get papa or an old brother to help you, but even if they are not willing, go along by yourself, and when you are through the older ones in the family will think you have a pretty good kind of pig after all. When you are tired of him he will make good lemonade, and that is more than can be said of a real live pig.-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

He Wanted to Pray, Too.

A Boston paper tells a story of a little boy on a visit. He had not been taught to say his prayers, and when he saw the little boys of the house say theirs he had a sense of not being "in it" at all, and went to bed melancholy. The second night came and he heard the children once more go through what was to him their remarkable rigamarole ending in "Amen," and when they were done, he said: "Auntle, I want to say my prayers, too." "Very well," she assented, much pleased; "go on." The boy went down on his knees and rattled off: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Then he rose, proudly conscious of having done the right

Truthful Tommy. Grandmamma.-What are you doing in the pantry, Tommy? Tommy-Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma.-Tit-Bita.

### MAKES LOTS OF MONEY. True Story of a Chicago Boy with

Business Bump

Robert Stuart is a Hyde Park boy. Last summer he very much wanted to earn some money of his own. He thought of all the schemes that he ever had heard of and then he started an entirely new one. He went to Mr. O'Marrow, who had just opened a bakery in Fifty-fifth street, and said that if he was supplied with a horse and wagon he thought he could get up a



ALL BUSINESS.

profitable route of customers. Mr. O'Marrow was a little doubtful of Robert's ability, but he said that he would give Robert a commission on all the customers he could get. So Robert started out and made a thorough canvass of the neighborhood and he soon found nearly 30 families that agreed to take Mr. O'Marrow's goods if they were delivered promptly. So Robert got up every morning at five o'clock and, mounted on his wheel, he would take a big basket of bread and buns and deliver them to his customers. The basket was firmly fastened to the handle-bars of the machine. He was so prompt and pleasant that his customers increased to 50 and then he could not carry all of the bread in a basket, So he bought a little iron wagon and fitted a large basket inside of it. This he tied behind his wheel. Almost any morning, if you get up early enough you may see him spinning along the streets of Hyde Park with the bread wagon rattling along behind him. In this way Robert, although he is only 13 years old, has worked up a good business. He is making money and Mr. O'Marrow never would think of parting with his services.-Chicago Record.

## SOME VERBAL MAGIC.

It Shows What Can Be Done with Five Little Letters.

"Look at this rat," says the professor. 'You don't like it, do you? If I should set it free, every girl in the room would climb on a chair. Well, I will make you like it. I double it over so, and put its head near its tail, with its bosom in front, and, presto, it can sing and play

ART

"Are you hungry? Oh, yes, you boys are, of course. I will put a new head on it, then, and positively it is good to cat. It is best for dessert, but you can take a good bite of it if you want to.

TART.

"Be careful, boy, or you will spoil it. Pshaw, you have broken off its tali, and nobody in the world can eat it now. It is black and sticky and how itsmells! It is smeared over your hands and you must get some oil to remove it.

TAR.

"But hold it a moment while I put anyone else see it fly away? I can see it, off yonder, an immense distance away. No one in the world can touch it, but everybody can look at it. How small it looks, yet it is the largest thing you ever saw. It shines like a diamond 'You can't catch me now.' But I can,

STAR.

"I reach out my long arm and hook a new tail to it, and it has become the very thing you all do at this moment with those wide-open eyes of yours.

STARE.

"I pull this tail off and stick on the one that careless boy broke off. See? And now it is what you will all have to do before you go home. Nobody can go anywhere or do anything before he does this:

START.

"And now for the closing act. I turn with one hand and pinch off its tail with the other and we have left what we started with."

RAT. -Chicago Record.

Mabel Rebukes Her Auntie.

Little Mabel, aged five, who was visiting her aunt in the country, had developed a great fondness for milk. One day, having drank as much as her aunt thought good for her, she was told that she could not have any more.

"I don't see what you want to be so stingy with your old milk for," she exclaimed. "There's two whole cowfuls out in the barn,"

Sleeps on a Dynamo. London has a cat whose partiality for a nap in a warm spot is so marked that she has selected the top of a dynamo in a power station. She sleeps there calmly and peacefully, while the machinery around and within six inches of her is running at the rate of 2,000 revolutions per minute.

SANITARY PIGGERY.

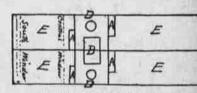
Arranged to Provide Plenty of Sun-

shine for the Inside. is a noticeable fact that disease of all kinds, and cholern in particular, is most prevalent where the greatest number of hogs are kept. The massing of those animals together and crowding them with so carbonaceous a food as corn is an invitation to disease to come and reap a rich barvest; and unless timely preparations are taken to thwart it, it is a harvest which is very liable to be gathered, and that successfully, too. This is especially true where the piggery and its surroundings have become unsanitary. In such a case disease germs multiply fast, for disease loves dark and dampness, which soon tend to enfeeble the strongest and healthiest hog and pave the way to the most dire

Now, as sunlight is one of the best germicides known, this, together with



MODEL PIGGERY. dry quarters, is absolutely necessary to the continued health of any hog. Indeed, all animals should have the sunshine to bask in, and most emphatically does this hold true as regards young ani as. Accordingly, when it comes to the housing of the hogs for winter it is imperative that the piggery be so arranged as to provide the requisite amount of sunshine inside. When building a large piggery, however, the problem is how to get the sun's rays to the north side of the building. It is simple enough to get the sunlight to stream in at the south side, but although it reaches the floor near the south side, it will not reach far back. What then, is to be done? Why, use a little headwork and build in accordance with the following designs, the first of which is the perspective view. You will thus have the north side of the piggery made as warm and sunny, and often far more so, than the south side. For, to obtain the desired resures, the house should extend east and west, no matter what its size is, which should depend



upon the magnitude of the herd that it

is to accommodate, and nothing else.

INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT.

It will be observed that the "peak" of the roof is south of the center of the the violin, and paint and carve, and de bullding, both sides of the roof being of a thousand things, and all the world the same pitch. This causes the roof delights in it, instead of hunting it of the north side to run higher than that of the south side in the place where the roofs meet, and so enables one to put in glass below the one roof and above the other, through which the sun will stream to the north side of the house and, killing disease germs by the million, tone up the system of the pigs and shotes and so make them thrifty and healthful, like those in the south part of the building.

Where the door opens, an alley should run through the center of the building, as shown in the second plan. Thus constructed, the central window is just over the south side of the alley, in consequence of which the sun will shine over the alley and into the pens north of it. the opposite pens being lighted sufficiently by the south window. From the alley between the feed troughs another head on it. Where is it? Did doors, each two feet wide, should open from the pens into the alley. These have been omitted by our engraver. Gates working with a lever should also be suspended above the troughs, to shut the hogs away while putting in the feed. E. E. E. are the pens for the pigs, with a trough (A) in each. B is a bin for dry feed, in the middle of the alley, with a slop barrel (not lettered) on each side. D D are doors opening from either end of the alley.

If all these details are looked to and the location of the piggery is high and dry, the pens being made reasonably varm, so that close huddling of the wine is not necessary in order for them to be comfortable, albeit there is good ventilation, one will find such a building of great value, not only as a -winter house, but also as a place in which to raise early pigs in spring.

Such are some of the benefits, indirectly speaking, that are to be derived from the sun, the actinic rays of which are one of nature's most powerful aids" to good health. In what way, do you ask? Why, simply for the reason that it end for end, and wring off its head they kill disease germs, promote circulation and digestion and, best of all. have a buoyant effect upon the spirits of both man and beast. We can therefore do nothing better when constructing a habitable building of any kind than to arrange it so that there can enter an abundance of sunlight. This is applicable to dwelling-houses, as well as to farm buildings .- Frederick O. Sib-

ley, in N. Y. Tribune. HELPFUL FARM NOTES,

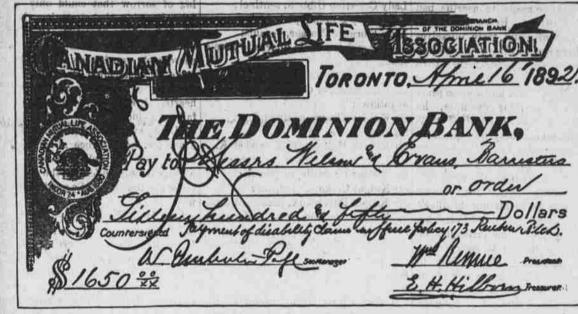
Do not put all out doors into wheat because of the promise of the wheat market

The future farmer must be educated. If our boys cannot attend the agricultural college, a systematic course of agricultural reading is possible during the winter evenings, and the time could not be better employed.

When grasses are grown and then pastured or fed to stock during the winter, and the manure carefully saved and returned to the soil, the loss in fertility is practically nothing and this is the ideal manner of keeping up the

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS A Total Disability Claim of \$1,650 Paid to a Man who was Afterward Cured.

The Monitor, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ont., Canada, first discovered this case two yearsago, and published it at length. which now seems, owing to the cure of it, to be a miracle. The facts were so remarkable that many people doubted the truth of them. They said: "It is too remarkable; it cannot possibly be true; the paper is mistaken, and the man, although he may think himself mired, will soon relapse into his former condition," etc., etc. The accuracy of its report called in question the Monitor determined to find out definitely whether the facts were as stated and whether the man would really stay cured. They accordingly kept a close watch on the case for two years after the first article appeared, and have just



What He Objected To.

sow published another article about it in which the original reports are completely verified, the cure is permanent, and they publish a fac simile of the check given by the Canadian Mutual Life Association for 81,650.00 amount of total disability claim paid by them to Mr. Petch.

The first account stated that the patient (see address below) had been a paralytic for five years, and there was such a total lack of teeling in his limbs and body that a pin run full length could not be felt; that he could not walk or help himself at all; for two years he was not dressed; furthermore, that of may be day the was bloated, was for that reason almost unrecognizable and could not get his clothes on. The paralysis was so complete as toaffect the face and prevent him from opening his

The above is the substance of the first article published by the Monfitor. Now follows some clippings, taken from the same paper two years afterward, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of the same paper two years afterward, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of the same paper two years afterward, and there is not the same paper two years he account:

On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of the rest of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. In Petch, Griersville, Ont., Canada.

What He Obletted To.

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PUZZLE MAP

. . OF THE . .

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dress. Write to

## BEYOND BELIEF.

Henri Was Stuck on His New Brown Suit.

Suit.

The lady in the railway car would have claimed undisputed recognition as the most overdressed person in any of the counties through which the train passed had it not been for her son. He was one of the weary-faced, scrupulously clad little people who afford support to the theory that poverty may be a comparative blessing to the very young. He did not look as if a genuine good time would fit him. The ambition to drill him into unflagging self-consciousness had met with obvious and pathetic success. He sat with his neck stretched out to keep from wrinkling his lace collar. The novel which his mother read was one of the most recent and ponderous. The title, in large gilt letters, was turned toward the aisle as she held it before her, turning the pages with suspicious fore her, turning the pages with suspicious infrequency. A mist had gathered on the pane, so that the boy could not look out of the window. Instinct was more powerful than culture, and before he thought he had taken his gloved finger and rubbed a round spot through which he could look with one eye. His mother fairly massed with indicates eye. His mother fairly gasped with indig-nation.

"Henri!" she exclaimed. "Yes, ma'am."
"You bad child! How can you do such

"You bad child! How can you do such things?"

He made no reply, but penitently turned his back upon the mental luxury with which he had hoped to provide himself. But his mother evidently prided herself upon her achievements as a domestic disciplinarian. In a loud voice she continued:
"Now, you sit there perfectly quiet, and remember what I tell you. If you do anything like that again—"

As she paused to consider her threat the child gazed into her face with tense apprehension.

hension.

"I'll open that window and toss you out and let the car run over you, so that all the wheels will cut you up in little bits of pieces!"

His eyes grew big with dread, and in tones of mingled incredulity and dismay he eyelaimed:

"Mamma! In my new brown suit?"-Washington Star.

One for the Lawyer. A celebrated New York lawyer asked a distinguished actress in a breach-of-contract

"What is your age?"
She held back and refused to answer.
"Oh, speak up! If you had answered the question promptly you would not be as old as you are now."—N. Y. World.

Are you bruised? Use St. Jacobs Oil and You won't be long. Shortest way.

Dr. Molar (kindly)—Now, does that hurt? Horsphiz—I don't mind you working on the tooth so much, if you would only keep your sleeve button out of my eye.—Roxbury Gazette. Many People Cannot Drink

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer today. Try it in place of coffer. 15 and 25c. The Only One.—"I know one man," said the quiet young woman, "who is listened to with respect by both sides whenever he

speaks in congress." "He must have a lot of influence!" "I hope he has. He's the chaplain."—Washington Star. Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

A good way to get along with some peo-ple is to have nothing to do with them.— Washington Democrat. Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

To the soul in torment there is no such thing as time.—Hall Caine, in "The Chris-tian." To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Some people read only their church pa-pers.—Washington Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline. \$33 Arch st., Phila., Pa. A party at the house is all right if it doesn't disarrange one's things.—Washington Democrat.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894. Upon the well-being of women, especially of working women, the whole welfare of

As it certainly cures it, St. Jacobs Oil is The Master Cure for rheumatism.

IDEAL GRANDMOTHERS.

Them May Live to Green Old Age.

we die prematurely.

store woman's health, we know of no better or more inspiring medicine than

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Your ailment taken in time can be

"I suffered with nervous prostration, faintness, all-gone feeling and palpi-

"When I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound 1

So it transpires that because of the virtues of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful

Compound, even a very sick woman can be cured and live to a green old age.

only weighed 108 pounds, and could not sit up half a day; before, however, I

tation of the heart. I could not stand but a few moments at a time without

thrown off, if neglected it will run on into great suffering and pain.

like a new woman, stronger and better than ever in my life."

having that terrible bearing-down sensation.

Here is an illustration. Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va., says:

Our Punishment Is Pain-If We Continue

to Neglect the Warning We Dis.

This statement is the positive truth.

excited and shaky at the least provoca-

tion, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in dan

ger; your nerves have given out; you

need building up at once! To build

up woman's nervous system and re-

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